

# Liz: The original bad girl

Lindsay Lohan, Britney Spears, Paris Hilton? All amateurs compared to Liz Taylor

I hear Hollywood's boffo bad girl is getting married again.

Not Lindsay Lohan, silly. As bad girls go, she's amateur. Besides, she prefers girls.

Britney Spears? Ha. Watch and learn, Brit.

No, I mean THE bad girl. They broke the mold. Elizabeth Taylor. Liz. Insiders say she's getting hitched for the ninth time.

How exciting. Liz, 78, has been lying low for far too long. I thought maybe she was dead, pickled and propped up in her wheelchair with duct tape.

No, there she is, alive and kicking on Twitter, denying reports she's dropping anchor with Jason Winters, 49.

"Jason is my manager and dearest friend. I love him with all my heart," says Liz. But no nuptials, she insists.

Well, take that with a grain of Swarovski crystal. Hollywood stars always deny weddings — even while they shop for gowns.

"We're doing sketches for Elizabeth Taylor for her wedding now," top designer Keith Holman tells me. I catch him as he's meeting about hats and such with director John Huston's widow, a client.

Give me the buzz, Keith. The scoop. The gin. The juice. "Loose lips sink ships. You

pick and choose." Or she can check her closet. Let's review her hubbies:

Hotel heir Nicky Hilton (1950-51), English actor Michael Wilding (1952-57), producer Mike Todd (1957-58), crooner Eddie Fisher (1959-64), actor Richard Burton (1964-74), Burton again (1975-76), Sen. John Warner (1976-82) and construction worker Larry Fortensky (1991-1996).

Hmmm. A Hilton, a pol and a working stiff. Liz has broad tastes. But after Larry, she vowed never to wed again.

"Larry was so meaningful, I don't even think about him," says Jackie Stallone, Sly's mom, who was at that wedding at Michael's Neverland Ranch.

But why is Liz being coy about the new guy? "Can you blame her?" asks momma Stallone. "She's already being hounded to death."

Jackie, an astrologer, says she saw this coming and told Liz.



MIKE STROBEL

know how celebrities are." He confirms he's working on a wedding turban for Liz. Lots of diamonds, lace and crystal.

Tarted-up turbans are hot, hot, hot among Hollywood ladies of a certain vintage.

"All the girls love 'em," says Holman, who works with such legendary screen sirens as Kim Novak and Julie "Catwoman" Newmar.

Plus, he designed clothes for Michael Jackson, which is how he knows Liz's reputed new groom, who has managed Janet Jackson.

Holman says he'll also submit a bridal gown design for Liz, though "she'll



Jason Winters is said to be only friends with bad-girl Liz, but we know better. Jason, you lucky dog.



Liz Taylor was to breasts what Bobby Orr was to hockey, Strobel says. Unlike Lindsay Lohan, left. Compared to the incomparable Liz, Lohan's just a boozy, bisexual, um, babe.



Taylor sizzled in Cat On A Hot Tin Roof, unlike Britney Spears and Paris Hilton, below. Okay, they sizzle too. But not the way Liz sizzles.

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mean, she's hard to take. Very demanding. How many people would put up with that? Would you?"

Hmmm. Lemme think. The Krupp Diamond. The Taylor-Burton Diamond. The La Peregrina Pearl. Perfume, including Passion, that reeks in oodles of money. Homes in Bel Air, Palm Springs, London, Hawaii.

Okay, so she's a bit clingy and gets into the schnapps once in a while. Big deal. That La Peregrina Pearl will set off my eyes nicely.

I've been in love with Liz since she popped out of that sweaty, white dress in Cat On A Hot Tin Roof. And I was only

three when the movie came out, in 1958.

For us Baby Boomers, Liz is the "It" girl. Diva. Wild child, Megastar. Cleopatra, Queen of De Nile.

Liz was to breasts what Bobby Orr was to hockey.

Paris Hilton? A piker. Madonna? Immaterial. Drew Barrymore couldn't carry Liz's thong. (There's a picture I no longer wish to see.)

Few could party, or partner up, like Liz. And in between, she's been a charity champion, especially for AIDS.

So, if she weds Jason Winters — reportedly as early as next month — I hope she finds bliss.

"They're wonderful people," says designer Holman. "I think he's a great guy, and I'm happy if she's happy. Everyone deserves to be loved."

My personal astrologer, Anthony Carr, who met Liz years ago, is not hopeful.

"Star-crossed," he tells me, after consulting her chart. (She's a Pisces.)

"Not good. Neptune is in opposition. Self delusion. The outcome will be disaster."

Aha! I'm still in with a chance.

Mike Strobel's column usually runs Wednesday to Friday, and Sunday. mike.strobel@sunmedia.ca or 416-947-2265.